OUTLINES OF SOCIETY TALK.

LIVELY TIMES IN PROSPECT FOR THE SEASON AFTER THANKSGIVING.

The Ohie Society to Give a Ladice' Reception in December-Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow Back in Town for the Winteringuished Guests to attend the Cham ber of Commerce Banquet To-Morrow.



OIREES dansants kettledrums and amateur theatricals will all begin with some zest after Thanksgiving is over, but with the exception of the Appleton-Ovington nuptials on Wednesday evening this week prom ises to be dull.

On Tuesday evening of next week Mrs. Charles H. Leland. wife of the President of the Sixth National Bank, will give a dance

at her home, 162 Madison avenue. The Ohio Society will give a ladies' reception in December.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, of 19 East Thirty-fourth street, will give a "tea" on sturday afternoon, Nov. 26.

Mrs. H. D. Farwell, of 9 East Seventy minth street, will give a reception on Dec. 1.

Mr. Lawrence W. Miller, a Wall street
broker, and Miss Isabella Sawyer, had a large
wedding on Wednesday evening in Boston,
the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Carter, née Potter,
will receive their friends at their new home
in this city, 150 West Fifty-ninth street, on

Fridays, Dec. 9 and 16.

Miss Krebbs, who has returned from a summer abroad, will introduce her nicco, Miss hope, this winter.
Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow and the Misses

Bigelow have closed their country seat at Highland Falls, and returned to their home in Gramercy park for the winter. Lord Cairns is so fickle that although his marriage and that of Miss Berens is announced for early in December, it will not be credited until it has taken place. Miss Berens was an intimate friend of Miss Adele

Grant during her engagement to Lord Garmoyle in 1885. Mrs. Van Volkenburgh, of 818 Madison avenue, will give a tea on the afternoon of

Dec. 3.
Mr. Ira K. Morris, of Staten Island, and
Miss Sarah Roberts will be married on
Wednesday evening at the home of the
bride, in Trenton, N. J.
Miss Eleanor Winslow will be entertained
at luncheon on Thursday by Mrs. Frederick
Ealer, of 12 West Tenth street.
Capt. and Mrs. Price, née Hargous, will
live at West Point on their return from their
wedding journey.

wedding journey.

Mrs. John Sherwood, the first Vice-Presilent, will act as President of the

de Lundi "until January, when the regular

lection will take place.

Covers for 212 persons will be laid at Del-Covers for 212 persons will be laid at Del-monico's to-morrow evening at the one hun-dred and nineteenth anniversary banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. The guests will include Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary Fair-child, Secretary Lamar, W. R. Creamer, M. P., Halley Stewart, M. P., Carl Schurz, Sir George Campbell, M. P., Mayor Hewitt, George William Curtis, John Bigelow and Chaunoy M. Depew. C. S. Smith will pre-side.

side.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fry are visiting Mrs.
Fry's mother at Philadelphia.

Col. Laycock, Mr. Joseph Stickney, Mr.
Lake and Mr. Horace Waldo are having a
week's gunning on the James River.

Mrs. Satterthwaite, of 175 Second avenue,
will give a reception on Dec. 1.

TRAITS OF BROKERS.

Several prominent stock brokers have blossomed out in fur-trimmed overcoats. Harvey Durand is one of the solid men on the street. He is not given to fashionable John de Mott never attempts anything in

the way of style. He prides himself on being a self-made man. Starr H. Nichols is a smooth-faced, clerical-looking gentleman. He has published several poetical works.

Charles George Wilson, President of the Consolidated Exchange, is one of the be looking of downtown business men. dresses soberly in black.

R. A. Peabody, one of the Stock Exchange traders, is a handsome man and is always well dressed. His office in New street, how-ever, is a severely plain establishment. Henry Clewes is a self-made man. The

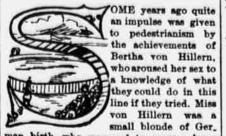
lamented Travers once suggested to Clews that it would have been a good plan if the latter, when making himself, had put some hair on his head.

Theodore W. Myers, the successful candidate on the Democratic ticket for Comptroller, is one of the big men downtown. He is always over his ears in business, but finds time to devote to his friends, who are legion. Ex-Commodore Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, affects nothing in the direction of fashion, but he is one of the most genial of downtown brokers, and his office in the Mills Building is always crowded with his

Chairman Peters is one of the most popular men on the Oil Board. With all his geniality he is a strict disciplinarian. His commanding stature and fierce mustache him a marked man among his fellow-

No One Need Fear a Cough if they can get RIKER'S EXECTORANT. Always insist on having RIKER'S EXECTORANT. Always insist on having RIKER'S and you are positively sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere. Half-pint bottles, 60 cents. WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 363 6th ave., New York. Established 42 pears. HOW YOUNG GIRLS EXERCISE.

They Walk Down Fifth Avenue in the Reen November Air.



small blonde of German birth, who managed to cover a large number of miles in a short time, greatly to the admiration of the ladies. She has since abandoned her mission as a public apostle of physical culture, and is walking on the sawdust track of fame. having taken to art.

The taste for walking, however, is getting to be the vogue again with young girls. Scores of them may be encountered or Fifth avenue any pleasant day in the afternoon.

The bustle and other mysterious agencies which enter into the framework of a woman's toilet do not make walking an entirely free and easy thing. But some of the young women get over the ground with a vigorous swinging gait which does them infinite credit. They know that walking puts a rich color into their cheeks and a sparkle into their eyes. It is exhiliarating, in the cool November air, and their bright lips, slightly ajar, show a glimpse of white teeth now and then, as they break into the smile which comes so readily to them under the invigorating physical glow of perfect health.

It does them more good than breathing the

ect health.

It does them more good than breathing the velvety sea air that blows on them as they roll along Bellevue avenue at Newport, or inhaling the pure atmosphere of the Berkshire Hills, where they pilot their village carts through the lovely lanes and by ways of

Lenox.

Both of these are tonics, and the "bud" of the last season, who has blown almost to the point of wilting slightly during the hot rush of the winter gayety, revives under them visibly. But here in New York they get even to deal of a draught from the fountain of

or the winter gayety, revives under them visibly. But here in New York they get even more of a draught from the fountain of health by exercising themselves in a brisk walk of three or four miles.

See those two young girls swinging along by the New York Club. They have an action as fiue as that of a thoroughbred horse. The neatly booted feet, with an honest heel in the place that the heel should be instead of a frightfully high-pitched French abomination that slopes almost under the instep, are planted with a firm, quick step, springy and vigorous. The shoulders are erect and well back, and they hold their heads up with a beaming expression en their ruddy faces.

Their gait is a measuredly brisk one without any haste, and the stride is free, but not too swinging. They are out for their constitutional and it doesn't detract from the pleasure of it to know that many a masculine eye is taking in their points and applauding them silently.

The majority of the walkers are young girls, with an occasional matron, brisk but not to friskiness, showing that Hymen's bonds do not weigh too heavily upon her. It is a graceful and a profitable fashion, and it helps them to what is so much to woman, health, beauty and ease of movement.

A Bartender's Secret.

[From a New Fork Letter.]
I have often remarked that bartenders were very lean, healthy looking men. If they are not rosycheeked there is a wholesome brightness in their cheeked there is a wholesome brightness in their pallor. I recently asked a refined member of the city bar why it was that his conferes so often succeeded in calitivating the fresh attractiveness of physiognomy for which they are remarkable.

"Well," he replied, "I don't feel sure that we are any healthier than other classes of workers. Our work is not heavy, but it is steady, and is sufficient to draw our minds away from the petty cares of life that often takes the flesh off of people. When I started in serving drinks I was a nervous young fellow and weighed about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now I weigh a hundred and slity, and if the building opposite fell over backwards I might not tuink it worth while going out to look at the runs. It is a very easy life, and customers seem to talak us personages. Some of the richest and most dignified men in town will come in here and talk cordially on all sorts of subjects with me, politics, sport, even art, and more than likely they will ask me to drink with them. Good treatment like that is healthy. So if I am in better shape today than the average man it is because I work calmiy, get used well by clever people and never drink more than my system can take care of. I am in a good place. I never have to look out for fights. Our "rusher" takes care of that part of the business. If any bullets should commence dying I am prepared to step right behind this valuable suit of sieel armor, I lasd it put behind here for just that emergency. The reason I am so clean is because the boss wouldn't have me here if I was dirty." pallor. I recently asked a refined member of the

Indian Summer. [From the Chicago Tribune.] [From the Chicago Pribune.]
Now the gorgeous Indian summer,
Golden, mellow Indian summer,
Crowning glory of the season,
Throws her filmy, hasy mantie
Over all the dreamy landscape;
Tempts the post-up stifled burslar
From his prison-house to wander,
Out through trackless depths of forest
With its leafy, rustling carpet,
Out o'er wide and shimm'ring prairie
Where the very air is laden Out o'er wide and shimm'ring prais Where the very air is laden With the restrui sigh of Nature In her doice far niente. It is know ye, luckless dwellers In the arid regions eastward, Of the glory of the autumn In the Mississippi Valley—How its fragr nee it imparteth In a measure that ye know not To her wealth of vegetation. See the ripe but humble pumpkin, How it yieldein upits treasure In a creamy, luscifus richness Such as nowhere in New England Ever tempts the asted palate Buch as nowher as ted palate
Of the angular, dysp-ptic,
Lean, and hungry Oriental
Doomed to wander all life's journey Doomed to wanter at man of the Atlantic. On the shores of the Atlantic. Come ye Westward ye unhappy. Mournful, sour, restless pligrim. Come and see our Indian summer, And then die if you feel like it.

Her First Sponge Cake.

[From Judge.]
He—How kind of you, darling! I will always keep it before me.
She-What do you mean? Why don't you eat it?
He-Eat it? Great Scott! I thought it was a
paper-weight.

ARTISTS IN CENTRAL PARK

MUCH BOTHERED BY THE "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" SIGNS.

Young Ladies Often Melested by Lonfer While Sketching-The Metropolitan Museum of Art a Great Attraction-Secluded Neeks with Picturesque Outlooks-Pretty Bits of Color in Autumn Foliage.



ENTRAL PARK offers many a tempting bit to the landscape artist, especially in the fall of the year when the coloring has became rich with the plants of the plants of the year when the coloring has became rich with the plants of the year. tumn. Artists like to 5 nook from which a

picturesque outlook is

the painters who like to wander in the Park for pictorial bits secure permits from the Commissioners which give them license to wander as they will or as nature may woo Many of these sketchers are young women.

the same who repair to the Metropolitan Museum and make copies of the pictures there. With their box of colors, or sketch-book, they stay about until some beautiful

book, they stay about until some beautiful spot that makes a picture to their eye crops out. Then they settle down and paint it.

One would imagine that a respectable young woman, who comported herself with the dignified reserve of a lady, would escape all possible molestation in an occupation of this kind. They do, as a rule, but occasionally remarks or insufferable attentions from tramps or worthless loafers come to jar the serene poise of their artist fancies.

One graceful young girl, accustomed to go to the Park to sketch, was wandering through a portion removed from the crowd and off the walks, looking about for a good subject on which to exercise her brush. Another young girl was with her. The young artist was carrying her pocketbook in her hand, as women do on all occasions her hand, as women do on all occasions when they are out of doors. Suddenly a fellow who was slouching along grabbed at it. The other girl fied, greatly alarmed at this imitator of Claude Duval. Not so the artistic young woman. She remarked coolly to tic young woman. She remarked coolly to the fellow: "It will hardly pay you to steal that pocketbook, as there is only fifteen cents

"I don't want your pocketbook. I only thought I'd help you down the steps," re-turned the man, slightly abashed. "Thanks! I am quite able to get down without your assistance," she answered, with the same cool possession of herself.
"Now, wouldn't you like to take a ride in a Lohengrin boat?" said the fellow, wheed-

lingly.

The young girl's eyes glittered rather ominously. The fact is, she lost her temper over the ill-mannered wretch who found his

pleasure in annoying her.
"If I can see an officer, I will get you a ride in a Lohengrin boat!" she returned with indignation, flashing a glance of withering

indignation, flashing a glance of withering contempt upon him.

He seemed to feel that she might get an officer pretty quickly, for he took himself off.

On another occasion a young woman had got into the bridle-path, and was walking along until she could find a place to get out, when a fellow on the other side saw her. There was nobody near, and the man began to walk along on his side of the fence.

"Ah, there, birdle!" he exclaimed.

The young lady took no heed of him, but walked calmly on.

"I know what you are after. You are looking for chestnuts," continued the fellow, in a coaxing tone.

a coaxing tone.

This was almost too much for her sense of This was almost too much for her sense of humor. The picture that she made to her mind of herself walking calmly along on one side of the fence, and this idiot proffering idyllic remarks as he trailed along on the other was too humorous. But she kept herself in and showed no trace of perceiving him. As she neared an outlet into a more

him. As she neared an outlet into a more frequented part of the park the fellow stropped behind.

Of course these annoyances are a little discouraging to young maidens whose souls are bent on art. But, although impudence of this kind may occasionally come to pass, most young women with respect for themselves can make these would be mashers keep their place. A good example made of one of them, however, would have very great effect.

MEN MET AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. Police Commissioner French is said to be an expert poker player and to favor big stakes.

Inspector Williams is distinguishing him-self by hard work in his district. He never sleeps on his post.

Inspector Steers has recovered fully from his recent illness and is hard at work as usual, with long hours and irregular meals. During Supt. Murray's twenty years' service on the police force only one charge has been preferred against him and that one was dismissed.

Capt. Killilea surprised police headquarters by appearing in full police uniform, with his hands encased in tan-colored kids, heavily hands encased in tan braided on the back.

Officer Webb, of the type-writing squad, is suffering from abcesses on the spine, the re-sult of a baseball collision during a match game two years ago.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER

The Truth About a Sleepy Passenger Who



E was a conductor on a Broadway and face line car.

> He had a night run. and he was displeased ; not with that fact. however, but with a real or fancied surveillance on his movements.

"See that bloke sittin' in the corner," asked he of an Evening World reporter in a whisper indicating suppressed excitement.

The individual referred to was a brownbearded, fine-looking man of about thirty years who had seated himself comfortably in a corner of the car and so arranged himself that his face was turned directly upon the fare register. He did not seem to be regard-ing this cunningly-contrived device to pre-

a bit of nature to their canvas. Sometimes the site from which is to be gotten may be on the lawn or some sacred precinct from which the public is debarred by the small sign with the inhospitable command: "Keep Off the Grass."

Inies, but appeared to sleep. The reporter acknowledged that he could not help seeing the man, not being blind, and the conductor continued, "Well, I know that bloke. He looks very cooney with his half-closed eyes, He's good at figures with his eyes shut, an' you can bet he can tell every man, woman an' child that's got on the car since he bearded her at Fourteenth street. An' what's more, he knows whether they all paid an' if the register recorded the pickel every time. He's one of them sneak spotters.

spotters.

"I've been on to his nibs for about three weeks," the conductor went on as he absent-mindedly put a fare in his private pocket and forgot to sound the registering gong. He's always just like he is now, pretendin sleep, but just the same with an eye on the

register. "Hello! What's wrong now? I must 'a' forgot to ring up a fare," and the persecuted conductor yanked the indicator-cord and reluctantly changed the misplaced nickel back into the company's pocket, while the sup-posed spotter, who had suddenly become alert to his surroundings, dropped back in his corner apparently satisfied.

"Say, that feller'll be the death of me. I

"Say, that feller'll be the death of me. I can't stand him on the car to the Battery. I must get rid of him some way."

In his desperation the conductor grasped the register pull and gave it five jerks in quick succession, which represented as many passengers who had not boarded the car on the trip or else had done so before the supposed spotter had taken his station in the correct.

supposed spotter had taken his station in the corner.

The bearded man slowly opened his eyes, looked at the desperate-looking conductor with an air of surprise, glanced out of the window, saw he was at the Post-Office, alighted from the car at the same time as The Evenino World man asked "What have you been doing to-night, old boy?" and started to make a report on his assignment.

He was an innocent reporter, and not at all the wicked spotter the conductor thought

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for thi inner can be purchased for \$1.

> Baked Perch with Pork. ROAST.
> Pork, Apple Sauce.
> Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
> Spinach.

DESERRY.

Equash Pie.

Baked Apples. American Cheese.

Coffee.

Prime rib roast, 18c, to 20c. Cod. Te.
Porterhouse steak, 25c.
Sirioin steak, 18c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 18c.
Lamb chope, 25c. to 28c.
Leg weal, 39c.
English mutton chops, 25c.
Lamb hindq'tere, 14c. to 16c.
Sweethreads, 26 per dosen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 69c.
Roasting pig, 83.50 each.
Bering chicken, 21c. to 20c. lb.
Dry-dicked turkeys, 12c. to 20c. lb.
Cod. Squabs, 83.50 to 84 dos.
Boston geess, 15c. to 20c.
Roaston ducks, 34 pair.
Carlos and the state of the state of

Sweet potatoes, 20c. balf peck. Ima beans, 20c. quart. Egg plants, 10c. Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch

Answers to Correspondents. R.B.—Conviction of a felony carries with it for feture of the right to vote. Conviction of a misdemeanor does not carry forfeiture with it. I does not matter whether the man serves in the does not matter whether the man serves in the State prison or in the county jull, or runs away and does not serve at all. It is the offense that he committe that bars him from voting.

D. A. V.—' Who is Tam O'Shanter? What nationality was he? Why were the witches pursuing him?" Really, The World has no information in addition to that which Burns furnishes in his poem. From his accent Tam was a Scotchman, and the witches ran siter him because he poked his nose into a place where he had no business to poke it.

Happy Days Abend. [From the Washington Critic.]

The future now looks brighter, And better days are nigh, For close before us we may see Roast turkey and mince pie.

How to Keep a Clean Pace.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]
A woman's skin is like a piece of satin, and will not stand rubbing, rinsing or soaking. If it is to retain the delicacy of texture and wear without wrinkles or discoloration, it must be cared for as belle pets her laces and lingerie or a matron he

There is no prescription and no one remedy that will cure all patients. The thing to do is to study effects. Hot water is good for one face and the injury of eleven; glycerine is the bete noir of blondes and the deal, ht of brunette beauties; some

jury of eleves; giyoerine is the bets noir of blondes and the delight of brunette beauties; some skins never chap and others will show eruptions and discoloration in midsummer.

There are no women who lake the care of their faces professionais do. To them health is beauty and beauty capital. Every attress has her own methods of preserving her complexion, and soapy water is not one of them.

Soap should not be used on the face, as there are chemicals which shine and dry the skin. One acrubbing a month is a sufficiency, unless one has been traveiling through a coal mine. The best way to make up the face is to rub it with a soft lines or chamois cloth till all the dirt comes off. The friction should be sufficient to quicken perspiration, thus opening the pores of the skin, without intritating it. When the cloth rubs clean dip it in coid cream and, after working it in the face, tub it dry. There are creams and creams, but, if the pure dairy product cannot be procured, here is a substitute that can be warranted. It will cot in the neighborhood of \$2, but half the quantity prescribed will suffice for six months: Almond oil, 30 grains; tincture benzoine, 15 grains; oil of rose, 5 drojs. Mix wax, seemacett and almond oil in a hot-water bath. Remove from the fire and atir until showy; then add the other ingredients and beat until coid and white. Bottle in a paste-vial or jelly-cup with glass cover, and use whenever the face needs cleaning. Don't tell your husband or he will fancy you are greasy and make your life miserable.

When it is desired to use powder the simplest is the best. Those with rice floor or prepared chalk for the basis are harmiess. Powder may be used when driving or travelling to project against dust. French chalk is the best and most barmiess of all for that purpose.

French chaik is the best and most samiles of an for that purpose.

Don't bite your lips, it takes all the color out of them, and keep your tongue in your mouth if you want to keep them from being chapped. It is absolutely necessary to carry a powder-rag if a vell is not worn, for a ultry face is only a matter of twenty minutes in the business part of the city.

A Dog With a Conscience.

[From Cassell's Magazine,]
I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it .. just once are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and I saw from an upper window a struggie of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit. As he was playing about the lawn by himself he suddenly come unawares upon the long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window curiain, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the stick; he smelt carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed just as if he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his cetter nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon temptation and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have. This may seem a small victory to those who do not knew Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends who are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint. are always met with a steady denial. One day

A Girl's Strange Mania.

[From the Danbury News.]
In one of the vicinity towns there is a young gir mania. She is large for her age, of fine physique, cossessed of good features and more than ord narily prepossessing. She is robust in health and shows great activity and is unusually smart and inshows great activity and is unusually smart and intelligent, with the exception of this mania. Every
night about 8 o'clock she will go to a neighbor's
house to borrow a lantern. Each time she will
make a new excuse for doing so. If she succeeds
in getting the lantern she then takes a long
walk, she does not confine herself to the
public highway, but wanders about the fields, and
frequently in the woods. She does not seem to
know what fear is, either of man or beast. She
frequently perches herself upon a fence and sis
there a long time, dangling her lantern. About 10
o'clock she returns home and goes to bed contented. Her friends, of course, object to these
lantern strolls, and she has to steal away. Those
of her neighbors who know about them refuse her
a lantern. She has a number of times greatly
frightened persons, which seems to please her
amazingly. She is in no respect wayward, but
seems possessed of a strange and fascinating mania
for a lantern.

[From the Utica Observer.]

The father of the Washington correspondents is Gen. H. V. Boynton, of the Cincinnati Commerand he won his spurs as a war correspondent. He is now about fifty years old, but is as active as any reporter of twenty-one, and he writes as well now reporter of twenty-one, and he writes as well now as he ever did in the past. Boynton is pre-eminently a fighter. He is not happy unless he is in a nawspaper controversy, and when he enters one he never stops until he wins. He had a fuss with Speaker Keifer a year or so ago, and the ex-Speaker has, I doubt not, regretted that he ever engaged in the quarrel. Boynton has been spen ling his force in an attack upon the District Commissioners during the past summer, and I venture that there is not a newspaper correspondent in Washington who has more influence for radical reform than he. He is an especially able writer upon political questions, and he has the politics of the country and its war history at it's pen's end. He lives very nicely in Washington and is a strict Presbyterian, as well as a newspaper correspondent.

And Such is Fame!

Mrs. Gordon (who don't read the papers very thoroughly)-Who is this Berry Wall whose name

Mr. Gordon (pityingly)—Why, my dear, I'm surprised. The papers have been full of his doings for three years.

Mrs. Gordon—Well, you know I never did take any interest in politics, don't you? A Weighty Remark.

(From Puck.)
Smith (to Jones, who lives in the spartment over-

head)—I say, old fellow, you must have been been awfully full last night. I heard you fall when you got up stairs.

Jones—I didn't fall, dear boy. That was my wife—she dropped a remark as I went in.

WHY lie awake coughing all night when you can be cured for 10c. ADAMSON'S COUGH BALSAN.

of the morrow's duties. I sat as if moon-struck, thinking of the future and wondering how I might gain entrance to its, to me, en-

Choking Catarrh.

Rare you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the affort to clear wore throat and head of this estarcha matter ! What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous muous all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How difficult to protect the system against its further progress owards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will

dies utterly fail, of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, are attested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fel-low-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that

one box of CATARREAL SOLVENT and an IMPROVED IN-HALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all druggists for \$1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

WITH THE PAINS With their weary, dull, aching, lifeiese, allgons sensation, relieved in one minute
by the Cuticura Auti-Pain Plaster.
he first and only pain-subduing plaster. Abmodulely univalled as an instantaneous and
infallible antidrite to pain, infammation and weakness.
At all droggs to. 25 cents if we fit if or postage free, of
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL GO., Boston, Mass.

AT THE DOG POUND.

The Varied Stock in Trade of the Bureau of Encumbrances.

At the foot of East Sixteenth street is a low rambling building, painted a dusky yellow. and bearing the legend, "Entrance to Dos Pound." It is in the rear of this building that the Bureau of Encumbrances has its chief yard. Now, the Bureau of Encumbrances is rather sparge name, and one might naturally expect its yards to be proportionally sizable; but it would appear to the casual observer that the yards of this bureau are

observer that the yards of this bureau are hardly of that size which the word encumbrance would seem to warrant. As to the contents of the yards, if they possess no virtue, they certainly have obtained for themselves an extreme degree of dilapidation. Trucks, carts and wagons of every variety are indiscriminately piled up against the boundaries, where they seem to vie with each other in their efforts to fall to pieces. Some are, of course, in a slightly better condition than others, but all are rapidly becoming fertilizer to enrich the mother who gave them birth. That which was at one time an ice wagon stands tremulously in the centre of the yard; its front wheels have disappeared and the axle which knew them in the past is ignominiously pressed into the mud, where its only joys are the momories of its youth.

mud, where its only joys are the memories of its youth.

Stuck in between these once proud rattlers of the pavements are numerous signs whose gaudy letterings may, perchance, at one time have delighted the eyes of the passer-by; but who can tell what ambitions stirred the hearts of those to whom the hanging of a sign meant their entrance upon a successful career? But "time and dull decay" have made these useless too.

nade these useless too.

As one takes leave of there relics of the As one takes leave of there relics of the past and passes into a little building near by he is brought face to face with another kind of encumbrance. Dogs—that is, well-behaved, intelligent dogs—are pleasant and sometimes even instructive companions; but when one is greeted by a chorus of sixty yelping curs his love of animals is extremely likely to be mastered by his love of harmony—and in that little building are confined some fifty or sixty hitherto stray dogs which have been caught while wandering about the city and shut up in this building to await their execution. When a sufficient number of these encumbrances has been obtained they are unceramoniously thrust into an iron cage and wheeled into East River where their sorrows and they themselves are drowned, And these three, wagons, signs and dogs, form the chief stock in trade of the yards of the Bureau of Encumbrances.

(From Judge.)
A particular old gentleman, pulling something out of his soup that should not have been included among the other ingredients, thus addressed his

cook:
"Josephine, I am much obliged for your thoughtfuiness, but next time kindly give it to me in a locket."

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buszing sound or mapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common catarrh, that exceedingly disagressible and very commo disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which is curse by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarr try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

Pains in the Head

"I used Hood's Sarsaparille for estarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears and pains in the back of my head. The effort toplear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparille gave me relief immediately, while it time I was entirely cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. Gins, 1929 8th st., Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Hurrah for Hood's

"I have been troubled with that annoying disease nasal catarrh, and have taken all kinds of blood purifiers, but never found relief till I used Hood's Saraaparilla, which I am confident will do all that is claimed. Hurral for Hood's Sarsaparilla !" J. L. ROUTT, Marksburg, Ky

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., 100 Dones One Doltar

an office in Moorgate street. He's a fine old chap—got a pretty daughter, and lots of money."

I decided to call on Mr. Forrest, and on reaching his office found him alone and distense engaged. I introduced myself, and told him in what I had seen, and that from motives of delicacy for the young lady I had not mentioned it, but I thought I would come and inform him of my suspicions.

"Thank you heartly," said he, "I can essily obtain the missing articles; and if you like, I shall have great pleasure in introducing my you to my family. If not otherwise engaged, suppose you come over this evening," wasn't I a hampy fellow on leaving that office? Perhaps I didn't congratulate myself at that I was naturally of an inquisitive disposition. I could not whistle, of course, nor as sincke a cigar—that was against the law—so I walked directly back to my business, trying and to look too radiant; but I was so kind to my inferiors that the clerks thought I had been imbibling, or had received a legacy.

I had never had even a passing fancy for any lady of my acquaintance, and had thought all women were about alike as regarded be most musical in the world. I repeated it most musical in the world. I repeated it of fortee covering in the presence of forace seemed the most musical in the world. I repeated it of for the course of the reward, as I am the man who informed yis in love than ever. The days few by it leasy in love than ever. The days few by like a pleasant dream, and every evening found me a welcome visitor at Mr. Forrest was called myself an idot, for it covered to one that the admiration might be all on one side.

I passed the evening in the presence of Grace Forrest, and went home more hope, leasy in love than ever. The days few by like a pleasant dream, and every evening found me a welcome visitor at Mr. Forrest was called from the round of fine of the reward as I am the man who informed your father of their hiding place."

The passed the evening in the presence of Grace Forrest, and went home more hope, leaving the

They that "go down to the sea in shipe" in nodern times see something more than the wonders of the great deep. They have an admirable opportunity to observe something of the wonders of the human nature, when released from

What an Ocean Steamer Consu

ders of the human nature, when released from some of the conventionalities and given one short week of idieness. According to a pamphlet recently published, the passengers on a popular ship in one year's time, will drink 16,000 quarts of champagne, 15,000 of claret, 9,300 bottles of other wises, 450,000 bottles of ale and porter, 175,000 of mineral waters, and 34,000 of aprilis. They will amoke in the same time 64,000 cigars and 65,000 eigars and 35,000 eigars and 35,410 eigars and 45,410 eiga

OAKLEY.—On Sunday, Nov. 13, at Bahway, N. J., JOHN T. OARLEY, aged 66 years.

Friends of the deceased are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, Grand street, Rahway, Thursday, Nov. 17, at 2 P. M. Oar-riages meet 12 o'clock train from New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

5TH AVE. THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager LAST WEEK.
MRS. POTTER
in first presentation in America of in first presentation in America of 10VAL LOVE.

BUPPORTED BY MR. KYRLE BELLEW

by coursesy of Mr. Henry E. Abber, of Wallschaft

AND MR. JOSEPH HA WORTH.

MONDY NOV 21

McCAULI UP RA COMPANY,

Presenting the Hindoo Comic Opera,

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Splendid Scenery, Costumes, Singing and Electrics
THE GREAT FIRST PART,
"FLE TAIN DAY,"
EVENINGS, 8.30. BATURDAY MATINES, 2.30. HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

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Dave Braham and his popular orchestra.
WEDNESDAY—MATINES—SATURDAY.
PETE, NOV. 22.

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IN BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT COMEDY,
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"Mr. Bronson Howard's new comedy has scored."—Sink.

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In Bronson Howard and Day P. H. Belasco's new play.

MONDAY, Nov. 21 – DEVMAN THOMPSON.

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The RESERVED BEATS, 50c., 15c., and \$1.

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30 performers in a grand stage show from noon till 10 P. M. Thousands of starting curiosities. Admission, 26c.; children, 16c. TOEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 200 at Every evening at 8.15, and Saturday Matthew. The Wife Measure. Kelcoy. Miller, Lakeyras, Helder, Dickson; Masser, Wheateroff, Dickson; Masser, Wheateroff, Dickson; Masser, Miller, &c., &c.

POOLE'S THEATRE-STH ST, AND 4TH AVE, 10c., 20c., 30c. Matinese Mon., Wed., Thur, See. DOMINICK MURRAY in RIGHTS RIGHT, with Marvellous Mechanical and Scenic Rigots. Nat Week-THE TUCKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. Howard Atheneum Specialty Co.

WALLACK'S.
LAST PERFORMANCE OF
TO-MORROW, TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. II.
SCHOOL.

HOW I WON MY WIFE.; gY name is Augus



tus Browning. I be. lieve, at one time, some of my friends had serious fears that I would

a nice wife. What had I done, to be so unmercifully persecuted? But the truth is, I had my own ideas of a wife. I knew I should find somewhere in this great world a woman pure as a snowdrop and modest as a daisy, with a sweet voice and dainty ways; with eyes that might finah, yet be controlled by the gentler power of love. Not withstanding the match-making propensities of my friends. I remained sceaffastly a bachelor until hirty, and enjoyed heartily my single blassedness. The ladies will doubtless think that during this time my garments were without buttons, and my honery with more than the proper apertures; but such was not the case, Mrs. Vail, my landlady, being m charge thereof. She was a very nice bousekeeper, and a woman who had seen better days, or at least happier ones, if one might judge from occasional remarks made

by her, and the fact that she occupied a house of her own—a three-story one—in a pleasant street in Islington.

I had breakfast and tea at the house, but dined in the city; for, being head clerk in a large wholesale house, I found it necessary to look carefully after the interests of my employers, considering likewise I was working for myself, as I expected to be one of the partners the next year.

never enter the state of matrimony. At all events, each friend knew some one who would make me such a nice wife. What had I done, to be so unmercifully persecuted?

partners the next year.

At Mrs. Vail's, my room was the second floor front, and afforded me a good view of all that transfired in the street; and as I was not acquainted with my neighbors, not even knew their names, I used to sit on summer evenings in a comfortable easy-chair by the window, smoking fragrant cigars, building castles in the air and watching the occupants over the way.

I thought to myself she was just as sweet now as she was then, if not sweeter.

"I have heard," continued Mrs. Vail, "that when young she was a somnambulist, but she may have got over it. I've not heard of it lately. I'm very little acquainted with them; but it's a good thing to know one's neighbors, in case of fire or any accident happening;"—which sensible remark finished, I roamed in fancy with the beautiful unknown, while visions of operas and hairbreadth escapes were mingled in delightful confusion.

"Rather a dangerous young lady to marry, Mrs.Vail," said I, my dream being over.

"Bless me! you don't think of marrying, do you, Mr. Browning?" said she, looking alarmed—I suppose the thought of losing me was insupportable.

"Well, not at present," said I.

All day long I thought of Grace, and immediately after tea sought my room and looking-glass to take an inventory of my personal attractions. I came to the conclusion that I was a good-looking fellow, and I'd go in and win—if I could. But I must tell you of myself, and leave you to judge.

I am not what the ladies call a love and a perfect little dear of a man. On the contrary, I am tall, rather stout, with fair complexion, hazel eyes, and brown hair that, although cut short, will curl in spite of fate; a mouth too womanly for one of the sterner sex, and teeth that render a smile irresistible. Men know when they are admired.

I took my post at the window, and observed that the family were moving about, dressed as if to receive company. My heart beat fast with jealous fear. Perhaps some lover is expected; or it might be a marriage.

"Have I, then, wasted my time," I soliloquized, "while some miserable fellow has walked in and borne sway the prize?"

Just then, Grace entered the drawing-room



WAS EVER SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY GIVEN A MAN opposite, more beautiful than ever, and very soon the guests began to arrive.

They danced and sang, and I was in a fine stute of misery as I watched the attentions bestowed upon Grace. I waited until every quest'had departed, and satisfied myself there was no whispered "Good night" for any favored one. After every light had disappeared, I was still disinclined for sleep, spite

how I might gain entrance to its, to me, en-chanting portals.

It was past midnight, and I was gazing at the innumerable stars shining so far away in the deep blue heavens, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a ghostly looking figure gliding about over the roof of our opposite neighbor's house.

"What, in the name of common sense, is that?" I asked myself, and rubbed my eyes to see if I might be dreaming, but no, it was still flitting from one side to the other, as if searching for something lost, but at last came to the eave near a chimney, and depositing a

searching for something lost, but at iast came to the eave near a chiminey, and depositing a small parcel in it, turned and glided away as swiftly as it had appeared. I remembered Mrs. Vail's words, and resolved that the woman I intended to bestow my name upon should take no more nocturnal rambles. Thinking I had seen quite enough for one night, I sought my pillow, and was soon asleen.

Any person giving information leading to the discovery of a full set of coral, taken from the residence of Mr. James Forrest Chestnut street. Islington, will be liberally rewarded. Apply, &c.

as usual that morning.

Once at my place of business, I remarked that our neighbors over the way, at Islington, had been robbed the evening but one

previons.
"What! Mr. James Forrest?" asked one
of the clerks. "He is a lawyer, and has got

Glancing at the paper the morning after, while waiting for breakfast, my eve fell on the following advertisement:

"Now," thought I, "I'll attend to that little matter myself with all the pleasure in the world." The fates were at last propitious. My actions must have been strange, however, as Mrs. Vail kindly inquired if I was as well